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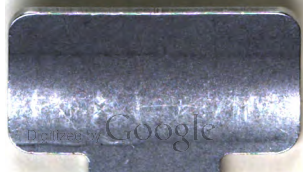
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# Vere, of Shanghai

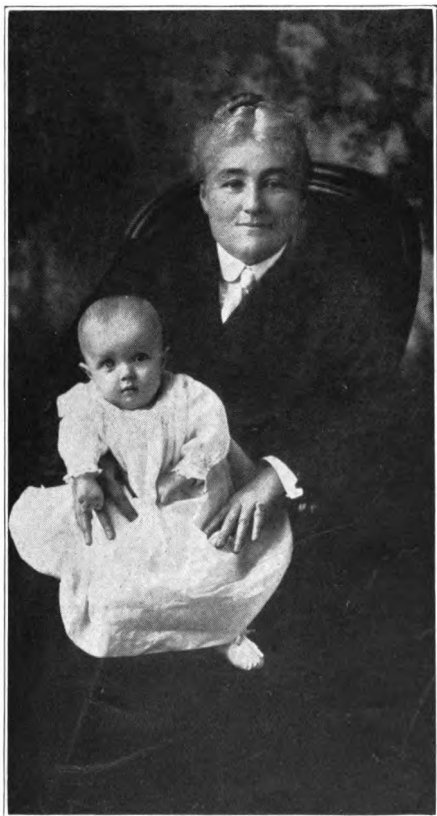


*By*

**Jean Turner Zimmermann, M.D.**

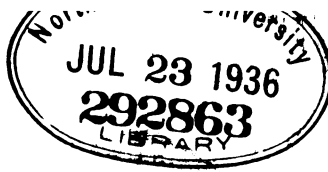
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*By*  
J. T. ZIMMERMANN



**The Author**





## JUST TRAVELLING

Up through Tibetan cloudlands  
Past mountain and temple and Joss,  
Down through the Southern oceans  
And under the Southern Cross,  
A light has guided my heart-steps  
A light from the Glory afar—  
It will lead me at last to the Homeland,  
This light of the Evening Star.

*To R. T. P.*







**Inez Rodgers Deach, noted Church woman,  
Eastern Star and President of Chicago Woman's  
Shelter.**





**Christine M. Kuppinger, Assistant  
Superintendent of Chicago Woman's  
Shelter, Oriental student and  
traveler.**



## PREFACE

The heavy bid being made for the American girl, *the white girl*, in China and in fact all over Asia has prompted me to release this story of Vere of Shanghai whose name was well known all through the great Soo-Chow Creek and Yalu Road districts of Shanghai. I knew Vere well. In contour of face and form she was beautiful and of gentle birth and breeding. The Old South held no fairer blood than hers but opium—leprosy—finally got her. Katherine was a Chicago girl whom I learned to know and love, her reformation was complete as her life verifies. Her devotion to China and to Vere's memory are touching.

From Telegraph Lane, Peking, to Hong-Kong the near East Asian coast line is dotted with white women framed in with literally thousands of light skinned breeds and war refugees from Russia and adjoining countries, while Hankow, Central China, is full of white women.

Outside our powerful embassies and legations the most tremendous influences for the

civic and national uplift of China and the Orient today are the Christian missions, universities, colleges, great middle and primary schools, vast hospitals, the Rockefeller Research plant—like a great bulwark guarding and aiding the picked men and women of clean birth, finished education, steadiness of purpose, they stand today for the political purification and Christianizing of China and the East. And when China finally grows into a Christian government they will have played the greatest part in her transformation and her resurrection to the whole wide world.



**Dr. Ida Kahn, noted Christian physician, China.  
Carries high literary and medical degrees from  
both Ann Arbor and Columbia Universities.**





## Vere, of Chicago

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It was the summer of 1910. The State's Attorney Wayman public vice raids were threatened. Chicago's "world's greatest" white girl market was slowly, secretly crumbling. Five thousand European and Asiatic-born monsters watched day and night the city's human stock-ticker, Colosimo, and his shrewd underling, Torio, his consort, Madam Rocco, the Blooms, the infamous Everleigh sisters, under whose velvet curtains hung black stories of the murder of some of Chicago's best known sons; the Freidmans and old Vic Shaw, together saw the cold handwriting on the wall. The vast Japanese syndicate at 2022 Custom House Place (Federal) where scores of Asiatic slave girls were nightly bought and sold and debauched for Christian gold; the Weiss combination, Black Mag, Harry Cusick, backed by 5,000 of their hirelings watched 25,000 girl chattels from every land on earth day and night, for Wayman had sworn this public slave market must go.

Cheek by jowl with this putrid old world mass stood the First and Eighteenth Wards, led always by Mike "the Pike" Heitler—criminal, infamous, and all the rotting, reeking stretch of the "Bloody 18th," while 5,000 vicious old world "cadets" slunk through the evil alleys of the night and bought and sold and maimed the shipped-in girlhood of every land under the sun. Chicago's open vice business was very great. The greatest in all the world. A thousand secret cellars, secret death traps, were made ready for instant use: a thousand unspeakable threats, known only to the underworld, were hissed into the startled ears of the vast district. "Lay low, hide your women—this will soon blow over," came the order from headquarters.

Great West Side "markets" pulled their curtains down and tried to make their Russian, Italian and French women, Jew and Gentile, look Anglo-Saxonized—for "Mike the Greek" and the "Waup" were railroading secret danger signals round and round, messages of possible raids—raids that might override "bosses," even aldermen. Whiskey and wine flowed like water, undependable "women" were kept quiet with drugs, and laid away

from sight for hours and days and \$45,000,000 worth of girls (estimated from Kentucky's slave market records) crouched under the lash of Chicago's inhuman alien whore masters.

"Doc, there's a woman dying down cellar in the old deserted shanty between the big white joint for Chinese and black men and the house where the fifty Japanese slave girls are penned up for service of white men—you know where it is, don't you? They claim a white girl was choked to death down there a year ago and nobody goes down in the basement now, nobody, that is, only old 'Vere of the Cellars.'

"Well, for two years Vere's been hanging around Mary Sheldon's 'mixed color' resort for hop heads. But at night she slips over to the haunted cellar. She's been there for three or four days now. She's about gone with syphilis, but she's white, and she's of Kentucky's best, and I know you are from the Old State too, Doc, and you know I'm a Kentucky nigger myself and you've been mighty good to my wife and babies and so I thought I'd tip you off to Vere. She got drunk three nights ago and crawled into this haunted cellar. I think she's got something hid in there.

She used to run that big house on Van Buren Street, but since syphilis got her—well, she's limpy and her neck swelled a bit—anyhow, she's dying and if you crawl down the back way at nine o'clock tonight I'll force open a window and let you through to her. Once inside where no one will notice you I'll light a candle and you can take a look at her. I know she's sick and believe she's starving."

I knew well the man Jim who brought the secret night message to me, a Kentucky Negro—I had helped his wife once, when she was desperately sick, and I believed I could trust him, so that night I took a long chance on his loyalty to me and followed him down into the old dark cellar. It was black as pitch down there in that mucky place. The rotting windows had been boarded up. Not a ray of light crept into the broken, muddy basement, but I heard a woman faintly moaning, shivering from head to foot, somewhere near. I slipped along behind my guide—he flashed a light—the old cellar seemed empty. He turned a little—the light described a half-circle and there on a pile of filthy straw lay Vere. She was white as death—blue white from opium, though still half conscious, and



I raised Vere's head and poured a powerful  
stimulant down her throat.



16 Soochow Creek, Shanghai





her breath came weak and slow. The cellar was sound proof, dark and slippery. There were puddles of slimy water on the dirt floor of the old forsaken hole. I saw the rafters covered with slime and vermin—I saw spiders on the walls; lizards and crawling things slunk away in the dark. I shuddered and shrank back—but my blood is Southern blood and Vere was a Kentuckian. I touched her hands, her forehead. I raised her up and poured a powerful stimulant down her parched throat, her lifeblood began to move again on its slow rounds. We picked her up, Jim and I, and silently carried her up out of the cellar and forced her into my waiting cab—quickly. She babbled to us of the old Southland, of Kentucky, of a beautiful mother, a nephew, of betrayal, singeing, life—hell—and of money, “my nephew’s sacred, untainted legacy, somewhere. I must restore it, I must, I must.”

Silent as the alley night—the shifting storm clouds, we drove away from that putrid underground trap and in half an hour Jim and I carried Old Vere noiselessly, quickly into my rooms at the Shelter—carried her in to be washed and fed, to be given warmth, medicine and the care she so desperately needed, until

life and strength could creep back into her beautiful, wrecked body.

“Goodby, doctor, with my whole heart I thank you. Take this—please—no, doctor, I know—I will give it to someone who needs it. Tell me one thing before I go—just one thing—what is this little gray red spot on the left side of my neck, there just below my ear?”

I looked carefully, carefully touched the tiny spot. I am an Oriental traveler and student, and Vere knew this. I leaned and whispered one word into her ear. She faced me square, looked me in the eye, her face flushed, then steadied down expressionless beneath a deadening pallor. She made me a low, courtly bow and backed trembling from my tears into the gray night and her own eternal memories.

## Vere, of Shanghai

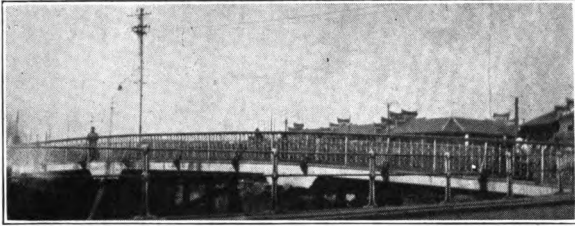
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“Sh, sh, look Vere, a woman’s coming this way. Sh, she’s alone and Vere, look, she’s *white*. Back into the shadows quick. I’ll touch her for a bite, a ‘shot.’ I’m starving. Back quick, while I fan her for a dollar.”

The shadows of the coming night were growing thick over the old narrow Scott-Yalu road in Shanghai. It was a grey, unholy neighborhood, and soon it would be pitch dark. My breath came quick and fast. I had taken a long chance to get through by the shorter way to Quinsan Gardens before complete darkness settled down in this notorious alley-way known the world around as one of China’s deepest sink-holes. I was foolishly trying to save time. Now I was awakened to my danger and helplessness. As I heard the voices I quickly slithered out into the middle of the narrow alley and taking a firmer grip on the heavy walking stick I carried, and bracing myself, took still another chance and waited for whatever might come.

The direct night wind from off the ocean had blown the voices straight to me. Thick and yammering words they were, yet distinct enough for me to be sure that they were women's words and that there were only two women behind them, though I knew, too, that always a trailer lingered somewhere near, but as these women had slunk silently into the alley dark I seemed to realize that they were of my own race, white, and that they were alone.

As I passed the yawning mouth of the cave back in the runway that sheltered them, the younger woman, silent as the Asian night, stepped out. "Say you," she hailed me in the half-Pidgin English of Shanghai, "you no belong here; you white; you States." "I'm white, too," she called again as I tried hurriedly to pass her in the narrow runway. "I'm States, too, just like you, only I'm sick and hungry." Yes, I was right. The girl was of my own race and color. I slowed up. "It's all right, Vere. Come on out. She's States, dear. Don't be afraid. She won't hurt us and the 'coppers' are 'way down at the corner. Come, I'm hungry and weak and maybe she'll help us.' Out of the black came "Old Vere" as I



**Suicide bridge near Yalu road, Shanghai.**



**Row of coffins waiting for a propitious day for burial.**



found later she was called all around that festered district of the Scott-Yalu road.

I looked the two women over. Where had I seen the younger one before? Her face and form, even her weak, husky voice, seemed familiar to me as I stepped back and ordered them, too, to keep a safe distance from me. In an instant Old Vere stood before me. The dimming light of the dead day crossed her face, her hands, as she slid, rather than walked, out to the rim of the alley light. A dozen questions leaped to my mind. Where had I seen this second woman before, this older woman, or had I ever seen her? Was this all a horrid dream or had I known her in another world than this awful Asian one? My mind whirled round and round the picture before me. Involuntarily I stepped back. "Don't be afraid, dear," urged the younger woman, as Old Vere still hugged the alley shadows. "She's alone and won't hurt you. Will you, dear?" This to me, as Vere, with this last assurance from her mate, shambled out into the full alley moonlight.

In my travels up and down through Asia I have run across many curious white faces, sad faces and broken, women's faces, stained



awful, that haunt me even to this day and frighten me as I sleep, but as the dimming light of old Yalu road crossed Vere's face I felt I had never seen the likes of it or her before.

Again Vere's face rises before me as I write these words, spotted and lumpy, like a green sickly clay face, modeled from the dead. I shall never in my life forget the look that came out of her set, dead eyes, nor the shape of her broken, purple nose, her mouth grown twisted sidewise, her mat of prematurely grey hair with its streaks of red and brown, and yet the whole picture set round and round with a frame of festering youth, youth that had once known beauty, intelligence.

"Women, young woman," I challenged back, for I was frightened and the whole place seemed growing to a demon dark, "what do you want with me? Don't come too near me," I warned, "but step back and tell me what I can do for you." "Don't be afraid, dear," wheedled the younger woman, a mere girl, in the street vernacular of the day, "we won't harm you. We're women, American women, just like you are, only we're starved, that's all, and Vere is sick and I thought maybe



Wm. N. Danner, Superintendent of great union organization, Missions to Lepers, with his wife and daughter. Mrs. Danner and author were college mates.



A Methodist group at Hinghwa, Miss McClurg, Superintendent.



you would give us something to eat or a little bit of money to buy Vere some medicine. She's been sick for a week and wet and cold, for our room leaks and has no floor, and she can't stand it much longer. We're white, lady, and we're from Chicago, too. Won't you help us, please, or at least help Old Vere? Can't you see how sick she is, lady, please?" My mind sensed the words "We, too, are from Chicago," and of course I could see how sick the older woman was. "Yes, I'll give you a little lift, some food at least. Where's your room, girls? Let's go to it and look things over. I believe you say you, too, are from Chicago. Let's have a look."

Without hesitance the hunted, desperate young woman, still holding tight to the hand of her worn older companion, began to shuffle, rather than walk, back into a blind runaway off the alley. A few minutes and we were at the mouth of a half sunken cellar door. The young woman lighted a match, carefully shading it with a grimy, though beautiful hand.

The bamboo door of the cellar had half caved in, the steps were mud, covered over with bits of ragged matting. The match flared up and the cellar met my eyes. Puddles

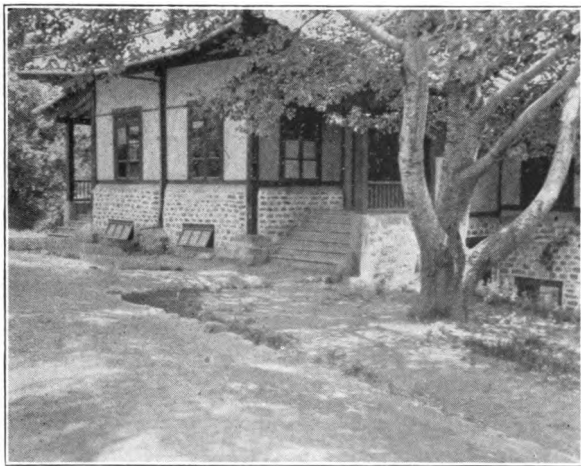
of water from the recent rains stood here and there upon the mud floor. There was no furniture whatever in the half under-ground cell-like room, except here and there a mouldy, foul mat, a box or two. Water, green and smelly, dripped from the clay walls, a lizard slunk from sight, a rat scurried away from our feet. On a box nearby stood an unlighted candle. "Come on down, dear, you're all right. Just one step more. There, we've made it. Let me help you down, Vere, and then I'll light the candle."

I always carry a small electric light with me. I flashed it, thinking to aid the girl in lighting the candle. I jumped back with a sharp cry. In the small circle described by my light lay two dead girls, one of them at my very feet. "Put out that light, quick," hissed Katherine, as I had heard Old Vere call the girl of the cellars. "Quick, the police will be on us in a minute and beat us up."

Shaking with fear I backed to the wall, thinking to defend myself as best I could, and again Katherine hissed, "Quick, those girls are not dead. They're asleep—sick." Another thirty seconds passed. I heard a scraping on the muddy steps. I drew my revolver. A firm



At the head of Canton harbor lies the powerful  
Canton Christian College, Dr. Henry,  
Superintendent.



A teacher's cottage.



hand touched my arm, a great flash lighted up the cellar. I was weak with horror, but turned to meet whatever might come. It was the police officer from the crossroads.

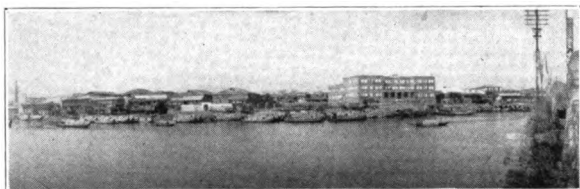
"I was watching you, lady. I saw these women stop you in the dark and followed you down here, but did not think they would be bold enough to bring you down in this cellar. I saw your flash, and was afraid they might be trying to 'fan' you for your roll, so hurried and came in. O, no, it isn't likely they would really try to hurt you. They're not so especially dangerous, though Old Vere does look like she needs a 'shot' bad and would probably go to almost any length to obtain one."

The two women had slunk back into a corner, shivering, ashy. Evidently they well knew the sting of an officer's club. I took a look at the cellar. "Officer, these girls tell me they are from Chicago and Katherine says they are desperately hungry and that Vere is sick. I came down to try to help them. What about it? Shall I give them a little lift, get them something to eat, Vere some medicine? Who and what are they, officer? What shall I do?" "O, they're from Chicago, all right. At least Old Vere is. I know Vere well. She used to



be up on Soo-Chow Creek near the water-works. Ran a dump there that's known all through China, but she's been down here in the cellars now for a couple of years, consorting with the worst human beasts of Asia, men and women half eaten with 'Yaws,' the crawling beggar of the streets, the mutilated, rotting leper. In fact Old Vere herself is dying to-night of leprosy and so 'hop' she must have. But the other one, the girl Katherine. I just can't understand her. She really seems to be a lady, yet she seems to love Vere and cares for her as though she was a little child, and in fact Vere is kind-hearted, too, but Katherine's a prostitute, a 'hophead' and a leper, and there's no hope for her.

"These other girls are not dead, as you thought. They've just crawled in here to smoke and sleep. They both belong to the same Chinese master round here on Miller road, 'Louie, the Blood,' he's called. They beg and steal all day and at night sell themselves for a copper or two to the vilest humans in Shanghai, for only beggars and lepers will touch them. If at evening they have gathered up a few cents, Louie perhaps gives them a couple of coppers for a smoke. If they haven't



**Great Y. M. C. A. building at Foochow attacked  
by Japanese during wartimes and Superintendent  
seriously injured.**



**Author exploring old Ming tombs, Nanking.**



he hides the skin off their backs and shoves them out again to make up anyway they can the amount lacking. They've crawled in here for a big smoke. They're as dead now as they ever will be, but after awhile they'll 'come to' and creep away to Louie's cellar, where they have mats, to plead for another dose of opium, if they have a few cents left and can get in without a beating, they'll stay there tonight. If they do not get more opium they may slip back to Vere's and she'll let them sleep here on the floor till daylight. She's awfully good to these women of the cellars, Vere is. Why, I've seen her give them her last mouthful of soup, even her last 'shot of hop.' Anyhow, lady, all these women are 'deaders' and no good, that's certain."

"But, Officer," I continued, "where do these girls get their food? How do they live—eat?"

"They don't eat, that's the worst of it, the damnation of it," answered the officer. "Once, maybe twice a week they must have food; their stomachs demand it past all else. The rest of the time they live on opium, the cheapest and deadliest of it, the dregs, but now and then a gripping hunger seizes them, and unless they get something to eat, and get it quick, they go

mad and we must tie them up, for safety's sake. That's what's killing Old Vere tonight, hunger. She needs some soup or coffee, something hot. But anyway, what's the use of bothering with Vere? She's gone; but Katherine—it's a pity about Katherine. She's a dandy girl. Came over to the Orient with her mother a year or two ago. They were trying to find out about some man the girl had mixed with. They couldn't locate him, and went back home. Katherine was a school teacher. I think she used a bit of 'hop' even then. Anyway, she drank some. She couldn't stand the 'gaff' at home and came back to Shanghai. She got into some kind of trouble on the boat coming over and landed here in bad repute. Old Vere, who was a lot fresher then than now—it was before Louie broke her face with the gas pipe—saved her from prison and Katherine has clung to her like a shadow ever since. Good night. Are you really going to feed them? If not I'd better stick around."

"Yes, Officer, whatever, whoever they are, they're my own country-women so I'll get them what they need to eat and advise them the best I know. Good night."



She gave her life for Him. Where beautiful  
Miss Lacey sleeps.



The officer looked the women up and down for a minute, then catching Katherine full in the eyes, muttered: "Watch your step, girl, and let nothing happen, or I'll lock you up for the rest of your days. Remember, I'm on the nearest corner," and turning he left me alone with my country-women in the Shanghai cellar.

Seizing the money I gave her Katherine rushed frantically from the cellar and in an incredibly short space of time was back with jars of soup and coffee. Also she brought some bread and fruit. Quickly into Old Vere's burnt-out throat she poured some of the strength-giving coffee. Intelligence for a moment shifted across the woman's deadened eyes, then with maniacal strength she seized the jar of soup and drank her fill of it. Satisfied at last, she sank slowly back against the wall and in a few minutes was dead asleep.

"See, she's better already," mumbled Katherine. "I thank you. I'll drink the rest of the soup and save the bread and coffee for the other girls. They'll be starved when they waken." Like a hungry animal Katherine seized the soup. "Again I thank you—salute." and down her throat it went to the last dregs.



The last words of the police officer were burning into my very heart, "Katherine's a dandy girl," and standing here in that old Yalu road cellar I talked with Katherine as I have seldom talked with a woman. I pleaded with her to give up the "life," the sub-life of Shanghai, the world. I offered her much if she would give up drink, opium, and come with me back into our world of sunshine, medical treatment, love, food, position!

"You're mighty good to me, 'Doc.'" I started, surprised at the familiar name that only my friends call me. "But I couldn't leave Vere. She needs me so much, don't you see how much, Doc? and she can't come back."

"Katherine, Katherine girl, where have I known you?" I hastily asked, "Where?"

"On the boat, Doc. Don't you remember? You were so good to me all the way over, and to Mother," and tears came to Katherine's bleared eyes.

"Katherine, listen to me, girl. You were well off then, a teacher, well dressed. Where's the great diamond ring you wore then? Tell me all."

"Oh, I traded it off for this cellar. I have a long lease here and it's a home for Vere. I



“Please let me keep my baby.”



will never go back to the States, never. I don't belong there any more. Mother's—well, dead—and Vere needs me desperately and I'll care for her till the end. She nursed me through jail fever. It was awful, the thirst, the pain, the snakes, and I love her, Doc, and owe her my life."

For a moment a great glow of glory seemed to shine through Katherine's auburn hair, and round about her stained, beautiful face. The muddy cell grew lighter—"And I will stay with her while she lives."

Slowly I backed out of the cellar. "Katherine, come with me just now. Come back to America—to salvation, physical, mental—come."

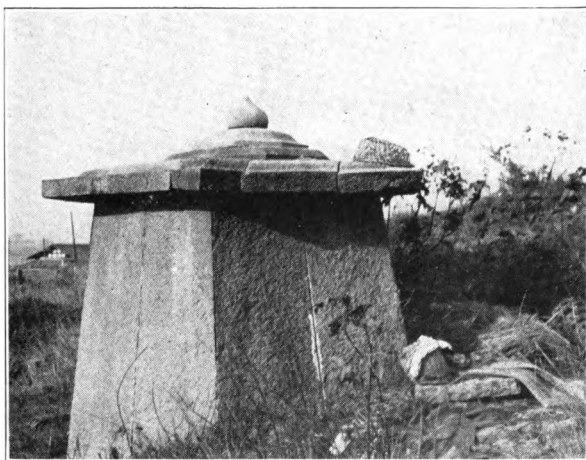
A great sadness seemed to come over the girl, enveloping her like a cloud of grey mist. "And anyhow I cannot come. See this mark on my neck? I, too, may be tainted, lost, but oh! Doc, don't let any of the other girls come out here. Good night. Goodby. First the whisky got me, then the 'hop,' and then the great stain."

Stifled with the thick, grewsome air, the stale opium, the awfulness of it all, I staggered from that sepulcher of lost souls.

Katherine, lady to the last, flared the sputtering candle that I might not lose my way, fall. "Remember, do not let the other girls come," she breathed after me. "Never, Katherine, but you come with me—now." For a second she wavered. It was raining outside, a flash of lightning crossed the mud-sunk cellar and lighted her from brown hair to ragged feet. It died away; the pit of darkness closed over her and she was gone from sight, the lost girl of the Yalu and America.

"Officer, tell me," and I spoke with great earnestness, as a few minutes later we met at the junction of life and death in the old sunken neighborhood, "tell me, are there many of these women, my country-women, in this lower region of Shanghai? Tell me how they get here and what finally becomes of them."

"Oh, yes," answered the friendly police officer, "there's literally hundreds of them. Not all like Old Vere, of course, nor even like Katherine. Old Vere's gone. In another month or two she will be mad. Hunger sets them off finally. Why, sometimes they go without food for days and days, then comes sudden madness and death or a running leap off suicide's bridge. Down they go into the mud of the



**Foochow "baby tower." Strong stone tower covers immense vault. Through a small opening hundreds of girl babies are dropped in here alive to die of thirst and starvation.**



**But thousands of young men and women every year attend the Christian Schools in Foochow.**



Yangtze river and it's over. It gets them certain, somehow.

"They come out here constantly, maybe of their own accord, maybe somebody brings them. For a while it's the great hotel, the music, the flowers—men. After a little the hotels will no longer tolerate them and then it's a room somewhere, or a sporting house. Why, hundreds of them every year enter such places as 'Gracie Gales,' 'Jays,' and other big dens up by the waterworks. Soochow Creek is bordered with these damnable catch-basins for girls. A few weeks in one of these holes, a few weeks of lights, music, yes, and money, maybe, and then dripping with disease, out they go on down the line to a lower house. Down they drift, day by day, until soon they are below the level of the Chinese 'Sing-Song' girl, the Chinese alley-ways, the burnt, beaten, yellow slave. Then it's the last torture, the hot 'chopsticks,' the cellar with its vermin, mats, madness, death. You've plenty of them, lady, more than plenty right around through here, and if you don't mind plain speaking and plain truth, you've got hordes of them all the way from Peking and Tientsin down to Singapore and the South Seas, though I will give



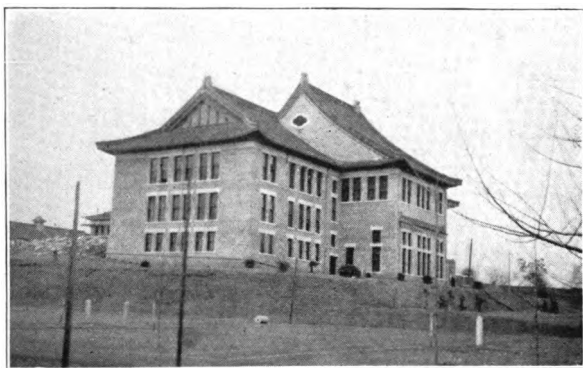
your government credit for trying to curb them when possible. You folks cleaned out the big Japanese Yoshiwara districts in Honolulu and Manila, all right. I wish you'd get busy here, I'm saying. Say, you couldn't do a little something for that girl Katherine, could you, Miss?"

I told him the story of my visit to the cellar.

"It's too late," he muttered. "Hops got her and she will go her way."

As I left that police officer and wandered on out into the lovely semi-tropic night of Shanghai my mind worked quickly, desperately. "Don't let the other girls come here." I walked rapidly on and on, then back again to my hotel, to friends, soft lights, music, and as I walked hope came back to me again, hope for Katherine, hope even for Old Vere.

Later in the evening, going over to the station, I secured the services of a youngish, clean-cut, plain-clothes police officer and together we sauntered out to see a little something of the real night life of Shanghai, its thousands of women, all of them young, all of them white, women, busy combing the streets and hotels of the city. A step further down along the line, and they swarmed the cafes and



**A Christian School overhangs this baby farm  
where 95 per cent of the babies die.**





restaurants, even "Sing-Song" restaurants and opium dens, singing the songs of Asia and of home, and drinking deep of Asian wine and death.

The wonderful Shanghai Gardens were dotted over and over with them from sea-rim to city streets. At a glance they seemed care-free, happy. The night was wonderfully clear and soft and a radiant moon rode the zenith of the heavens, high above us and lighted the flowers and quaint carvings of the gardens into sublime beauty, all set to the passionate Eastern music of the orchestra and to the song of the incoming sea waves, the heartbeat of the tides.

Here and there a woman walked alone, suspiciously and with shifting eye, her mate trailing somewhere behind her. Two sailor boys, boys of our own homes and our flag, came half-staggering down the Garden ways and they were strangers in Shanghai. Two hours ago they had been homesick, ship sick, but now nothing mattered, Mother, sister, home, for they had been drinking deep of wine for sailors made. With brain mist growing darker they were hunting, hunting. What for? Why, their own kind, of course. Someone with whom

they could visit a restaurant, a show, some woman, some girl, who could talk with them, visit, speak "United States." Just someone young and happy, who could laugh and tell stories and who could listen to their stories and who could talk of home and the folks "back there" and who would be bold and drink a glass of wine with them, perhaps be a little vicious and smoke a cigarette, someone from "God's country," that was all. O, they'd pay the bill and be square—they had lots of money and only beads to buy for Mother and a piece of jade for Jane.

Silently we followed the boys. "Jack" and "Eddie"—we caught their names as they walked the garden and the mumbled words, "Missouri," "Boul. Mich.," "six months at sea is too long," "I'm twenty next month."

Out from the shadows stepped a woman we had been noticing for several moments.

"How do you do, boys, you've just got in, haven't you? I knew you as soon as I saw you, but for the life of me I couldn't tell where I had met you, so hesitated to speak. Let's see, where was it, boys? Was it on Michigan Avenue, in Chicago, or was it in Missouri? You will think me very bold, but I'm homesick



A public school in Wuhu.



Center—Kate L. Ogborn, noted Missionary in Wuhu. Left to right—Mrs. Kuppinger and the Author.



and the music made me lonesome, so I slipped away from Mother and walked down here while she listened to the orchestra. Oh, well, we're all Americans together. Come on up and meet Mother and we'll take you to our rooms and make you some coffee and you can talk and smoke. My brother was a sailor man, too, but he was drowned last year and Mother's been sick since. Her only pleasure these days is to meet the other sailor boys and help them, if she can."

At the first sight and sound of the familiar greeting the officer and I had stepped back behind a great bush of bloom and thus silently hidden had looked the girl and the sailor boys over.

"Pshaw, I know them," whispered the officer. "The girl's a 'hop head' and the boys are from that gunboat off Nanking road. The boys are half drunk. She'll 'fan' them for their money, I'm sure. Either do it right here or pick up her trailer and take them to her room."

Where had I seen the girl before? Somewhere, surely. She turned her face toward the light. Katherine! Katherine of the cellars. Katherine, sober, happy. I caught my breath with a gasp.



"Let's trail them," whispered the officer. "I know the girl. She's from the Yalu district. I'll report this to Henshaw when we are through with our walk and he can pick her up in the morning. Come on, let's find out who 'Mother' is. They always work in pairs, these women do, and somewhere near is the 'Master' though not likely inside the gate, for no Chinese are allowed inside the gardens: it's against the law. Come, stumble along close to the roses and they'll think we've been drinking and won't suspect."

A moment more and out from the shadows of the back seats of the band circle limped another woman. Instantly I knew her, knew her spotted face, her lumpy neck, her stiff, stubbing walk. It was Old Vere, but oh, what a change. A little powder, a bit of paint, slightly colored glasses, a cheap silk, white shoes and stockings, white gloves—how they covered up Vere's spots and burns and wounds!

I breathed hard. "Ever seen 'em before?" muttered the officer.

"Yes, I have," I whispered back.

"That's interesting, replied my guide. 'Louie's dressed them up for a 'touchdown.' He keeps these clothes they are wearing locked



Miss Cassidy and her little home in Wuhu. Her father and mother died at Wuhu years ago, but alone she carries on the work they began for women and babies.





in his rooms and only allows them to put them on when live prospects are in view. We'll walk a little faster and keep them in sight. Katherine's got a 'rise' out of somebody and the pair of them are braced up with food and dope or they couldn't get along like they're going."

Silent as the stars above us we followed them, and as they shambled away from the music again we caught their words. "Mother, I've found a couple of boys from home. Don't scold, dear, please. I just couldn't help speaking to them. Eddie here looks so much like brother John. John was a sailor, too, and that's why we're living in Shanghai. But John died last year, boys, and Mother's a widow, so we have to get along as best we can. She's been sick this last year, boys, but is getting better now and will soon be well, won't you, Mother?"

Old Vere looked up, her eyes, glorious once, a-haunt with the stimulation of the pipe.

"Somewhere, Eddie, I seem to have seen you, but where, where?" she muttered earnestly. "Daughter, you must never speak to boys in the gardens again, not even American boys. It isn't nice, now is it, boys? But daughter's lonesome tonight. The music made

her cry and she left the concert. Weil, we'll have to forgive her this time, I guess, won't we? You boys come on up to the house with us. We live plain, Eddie, 'native,' and we haven't much money, but come anyhow and we'll have some coffee and a drink of light wine for 'old home's sake.' That won't hurt you boys; you're strong and steady and afterwards we'll send you to your ship."

Walking as briskly as possible, for Vere was beginning to be worn and tired, the four of them slipped out of the gate and through a dark, small street near the American Legation.

"Daughter, I am growing awfully tired. I feel faint. Maybe you'd better call some 'rickshaws.' "

"O, Mother," cried the girl, "I'd forgotten how short a time you have been up since your sickness. Forgive me, dear. O, what can I do? I see no rickshaws—would a glass of wine and water help you? The boys will help us get it in the winerom over there, won't you, boys?"

"I'll tell the world we will," quickly answered Jack. "I've got a mother myself back in old Missouri. Come into the winerom. You're safe with us. Don't worry, we wear



Elizabeth, beautiful daughter of noted Dr. Samuel W. Zwemer, of Dutch Reformed Church, of Egypt and America.



A group of Wuhu Methodist School girls.



the uniform. Eddie, here's an orphan, darn him, his mother died ten years ago and he felt pretty broke up himself for a while. I knew her and she was a dandy. I should say we will take care of you."

"I'll say so," laughingly put in Eddie and the four of them entered the wineroom.

It was hard and bare, this filthy wineroom of lower Shanghai, and as the little party entered out from it slunk three or four of the tan-green beasts of prey that haunt that blackened neighborhood.

"A little red wine and ice water for Mother, please," ordered Eddie. "Yes, and if you folks don't mind a couple of cocktails for Jack and I. Please, Kate, excuse me, but won't you have some wine?"

"Well, boys, I never drink anything intoxicating, though sometimes in this dragging climate I do smoke a cigarette, and really, boys, I'm afraid you've already had a drink or two before I met you, though I must say, sailormen, you do carry yourselves remarkably well. Shall I, Mother, just this once, with the home boys? They'll look after us, I feel sure. Well, a glass for luck, boys, and a toast to God's country."



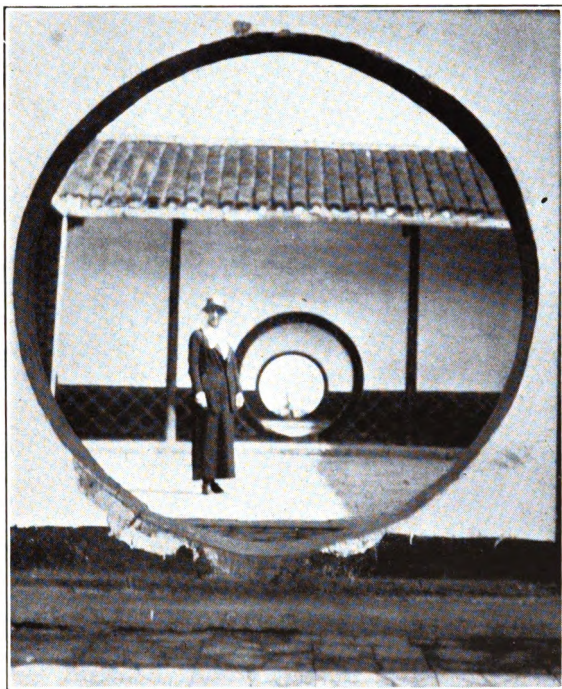
Through the shadows slouched a Chinese. Stinking, foul, slick, he slipped into the wine-room.

"Watch, quick," muttered the officer. "It's 'Louie, the Blood,' the master of a score of white women and little Chinese girls. I knew he was somewhere around. He didn't dare set his foot in the gardens. The concessions won't stand for that. The Chinese are too filthy. From somewhere, though, he was watching these women—trailing them. See that girdle wrapped round his waist? Well, it's a loaded rawhide whip. If they make a misstep or fail to land those boys—if they try to dodge any of the wretched play or try to bolt, he'll skin them alive with it when they get back to the cellars."

"O, arrest them, Officer, please. I don't want to see any more or know any more about it. Let's go home."

"O no, brace up and let's see the game through. They're your people and maybe once were pretty decent people. There's plenty of time. I'll take them, though, tomorrow, and I'll look after Jack and Eddie myself tonight. I won't let them be hurt."

They spent a full half hour in that wine-



An old Chinese door.



room, that den of thieves and opium, that den of soul murder, and we who stood in the shadows and watched saw that each of the boys had several drinks apiece and that the women each had another shot of opium from the heavily drugged cigarettes "Louie" was able to pass in to them on a tray of drinks. After a little they all staggered out, passed into the dark street and on up across suicide bridge to "Mother's" house (Louie the Blood's den) for some good coffee to sober up on. Coming to a darkened doorway and following Old Vere, the little party, Americans all, under the lash of a leper Chinese, sidled quickly into it, and on back behind the filthy red curtains and cheap vases and candles into "Mother's" room.

An hour before, in the winerom, Vere and Katherine had found out the exact amount of money the sailor boys carried, thirty dollars, gold! To them it was a tremendous sum and they had flashed the information on to "Louie." A thick hiss from out a leprous throat came through the tawdry curtains and into Old Vere's ear: "There must be no thieving. These bucks are from the States, the Navy, and there must be no 'come-back.' I saw Eddie empty his glass behind the table

down at 'Wu's.' Give 'em some more wine and dope it well, then earn your money, you ———, or I'll beat you to death. Earn your dollar, I say. Let Kate take Jack and you take Eddie, you snake. Hurry."

"One more glass, sailor men, and then the coffee will be ready. Swallow, Eddie, swallow, swallow, boy." Old Vere's voice, purring like a hell-cat's, sounded in the boy's ear. Her lumpy, broken lips were close to his cleaner ones, her arms tight around him, as he swallowed the wine. Down to the hard mud floor they sank together. A lean yellow hand slipped through the filthy curtains and a voice as from hell whispered, "Go on, earn your dollar and there'll be no kick coming." A few minutes later Old Vere rose from that reeking bed of shame. A loose thread of her sleeve rags caught something that seemed to hang around the boy's neck, something metal. Quickly she snatched it from his death-like throat. In a minute the Chinese would come to carry the boys through the dark underground runway to a corner of the water front. This thing, this find, might be worth a dozen pipes. The rough effort snapped open the spring of the curiously carved silver locket



**Mrs. Dr. H. V. S. Peake of Tokyo and a  
physician from Syria, Dutch Reformed Church.**



**Child marriage. Two Chinese bridegrooms.**



and a face crossed Old Vere's face, a face of beauty and love and youth.

"It's sister Mary's face! Strength, Christ, somehow. It's Mary's face, sister Mary's face. Mary, come back from the dead. And this is Mary's boy, Eddie. Mary's come back from the dead to save Eddie and Katherine."

Turned to stone, we watched her. Staggering round and round, Vere pressed the face of the locket against her lumpy lips, the curious crucifix carved in its back against her leprous heart.

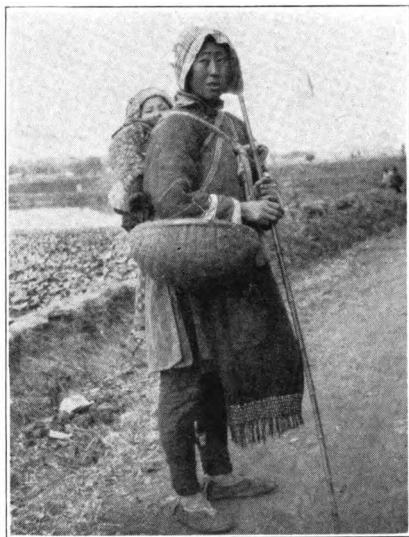
"It's Mary's boy—sister Mary's boy, Eddie. O Christ, give strength—forgive, forgive. Run, Katherine, run as for your very life. Never touch hop again, girl, I command you. Run, girl."

With frenzied, superhuman strength Old Vere lifted Mary's boy and for a moment held him close to her heart. From the wine on the table she washed his hands, his lips. She washed his crucifix and fixed it tight around his throat and still holding the boy in her arms she staggered toward us. Great sweat drops stood out from her face, her crumply neck, her lips dripped bloody foam. She laid him gently at our feet.



"The boat, Officer, the boat. Take them, quick." Leaning, she kissed his forehead. "Sister Mary's boy and Mary's dead." Stunned, the officer reached his hand to lift her up. "Strength, Christ." For a moment the blood ceased to flow from her lips. "Strength." She hurtled from us like a mad animal. "Strength, Christ." The night wind carried the sob back to us. Straight toward the bridge staggered Old Vere. "Strength"—a mere whisper it was now. She vaulted to the bridge rail. We missed her by a hand's breadth—Katherine missed her. For an instant she paused—jumped—and into the silt and mud of Soochow Creek sank forever Old Vere of the cellars of Shanghai.

With Katherine in the iron clutch of the officer, we hurried back to the sailor boys. Another officer stood guard over them. Quickly I scribbled a note. "By a hair's breadth you were tonight saved from leprosy and death. Never drink again," and wrapping the words around a few small bills, I slipped them into Eddie's pocket. The second officer called a passing cab and into it hurried the sailor boys, and thus they were saved, these boys of the flag.



Christian woman and her child, Wuhu



Transfiguration Sister Chapel—Episcopalian  
Wuhu



Dry eyed, strain faced, on the stones at our feet knelt Katherine. The night was thick around us and we were alone, yet high over all hung the Southern Cross, tender, salient, guiding. She turned her face straight toward the constellation. Its bright "pointers" seemed to glow the darkened way of her Gethsemane for her. "Never touch 'dope' again, I command you, I command you." The broken, harried girl staggered to her feet. All sense of time or place, of earth or earthly beings, faded away from her. In that one minute she lived alone with God, "lost but with God"—"and I never will."

Senseless Katherine crumpled to the stones, but to the officer and myself as we stood there, bareheaded, afraid, the words "And I never will" seemed to be caught up and up, past the cellars, past Yalu road, past the seas, the Southern Cross, to beat somewhere against a great white throne, a pure white Heart of Calvary, and to be glorified and filtered back again to earth, to seal forever the mighty resolve of Katherine, lying senseless at the feet of Christ.

Back into a quiet house in Shanghai we carried Katherine. In the delirium of the weeks that followed just two sentences came from

her whitened lips, "I command you, I command you," and always they were followed by the Great Pledge "And I never will." And neither did she. Trembling with fear we nursed her back to life—life after that to be always solemn, perhaps always sad, but life, clean, and growing into splendid activities, earnest aid to others, much success. Those of us who watched her as the weeks of her convalescence stretched by, knew somehow that she would keep her vow, for we noticed that every even after the sun had gone down and while the afterglow was bright between earth and heaven she wandered alone out into the garden, out under the Southern Cross, and with a crucifix pressed to her healing lips and heart she turned her face toward Old Vere, toward the cross, toward God, and murmured back to heaven "And I never will, I never will."

There is little more to say of Katherine except that she kept her mighty pledge. It is as much a part of her as is her breath, her heart, her soul, and I feel like adding these words to those I have already written. Her splendid education, her gracious womanhood, were soon turned to real use, and in a quiet little school



**Doctor James, Superintendent of the noted Episcopalian hospital for women and babies at Wuchang (opposite Hankow).**

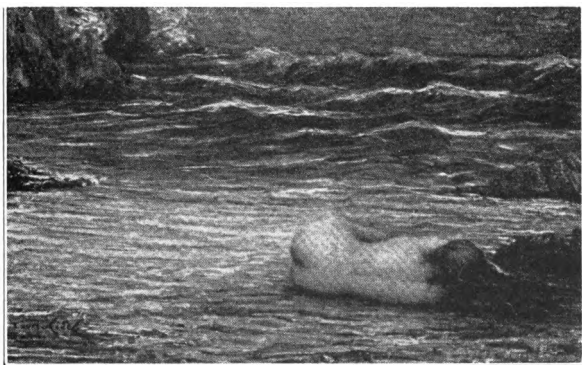


**Helpless little girl patients of Doctor James**



she earns a small living, for careful examination showed her to be free from incurable disease and able to again take her place in the world.

Lately I spent a couple of days with Katherine and when the evening had come and the stars were swimming into being she and I together stole softly away to the cellars of Old Shanghai and here and there we found a broken, staggering American girl and Katherine talked to her sweetly of her Mother and the homeland and loved ones, yes, and fed her and kissed her, and then as she could she led her back again over the rough, stony way, but a way lighted for her with the sign-words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of one of these, ye have done it unto Me."



With compliments to artist.





# Peking

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One day not long ago I found myself strolling around through the neighborhood of the famous old Water Gate of the city of Peking, China, and just inside that city's massive wall, a wall that in my opinion at least, far surpasses in grandeur and technique of workmanship, any other wall ever builded in Asia. And as I walked along I began to look about me, for I was on historic ground, and thrilling memories of mighty faith and supreme courage and sacrifice stirred my heart. The wall of Peking, the world's defense of its Legations in Peking, the Water-Gate! The glory of 1900! How calm it all hung today, as out of heaven itself, how peaceful its setting!

Away off to the right of me azure Western hills framed in like smoky wreaths the half-forgotten Summer Palace of a half-forgotten old mad Empress. Behind me was the Forbidden City, yellow tiled, weed covered,

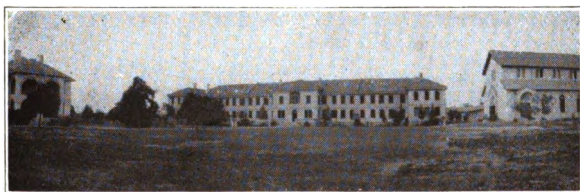
broken, a mere dream fragment of wondrous barbaric art of the past, the glory of a nation that walked only backwards until it became only a chilling memory of four hundred million human beasts, who in sweat and blood, one by one, gave their lives in slavery-eating chains, that it might be builded.

Two or three miles to the South stood the place beautiful, that place of clean sacrifice, the Altar of Heaven, white clothed in dreams of marble, backed by the roofs of its glorious temple and shaded only by the blue of the hanging sky above. Oh, how the clean picture thrilled me, as the achievement of the dead ages of rapine, assassination and final ruin, ran riot before my eyes and brain. Forbidden—forbidden. Somewhere, since that old time, men have used that word in selfishness and slaughter, followed by ruin and despair, as the old Asian world has set its face toward human achievement of brotherhood and liberty and will not turn back.

The French have a saying that I have always loved, “Elan, elan” (go forward, go forward), and in the world today, though shadows may come near and almost overwhelm, there can be no turning back and right and



Miss Couch, secretary to Bishop Roots, (Episcopalian) at Hankow.



St. Hilda's Episcopal Girls' School at Wuchang.



liberty must win in the end. And so I stood and looked around me, and as I looked the very earth and skies grew sacred to the memories of the early summer months of the year of 1900, when the murmur of that great heathen uprising, the Boxer Rebellion, was everywhere in China, raising its serpent head for the final destruction of everything in Asia that made for human progress, just government, and the coming freedom of the yellow world.

And as I walked I seemed as in a dream again to hear the mighty death groan that was sounding all around Peking. It was knocking at the very doors of the city, at the gates of the legations of the civilized world, the embassies of the nations. The sound belted the Christian earth, Britain, France, America, Germany! And as its bloody challenge rang across mountain peaks and city walls, standing forth in Nordic Christian faith to answer it or die, a few hundred strong hearts against a massive army of tens of thousands who knew not God nor human rights. The ghosts of other days came drifting up and met my dreams. I shuddered, looked again. The flags were coming down, and as I walked along I

found myself in the midst of a great yellow army. Fifty thousand tridents flashed across my eyes and my ears caught the fearful, freezing cry, "Kill, kill, kill the Christians. Kill all foreigners, kill!" I looked away — looked toward the old wall.

"What is that frantic wigwagging of little flags above the British Embassy gate?" My brain pounded out the message of the little flags: "An imperial edict has just been issued to kill all foreigners in China, all Christians. Rush to the British legation compound instantly if you would save your lives. Leave everything but food behind. Hurry, hurry."

And then began that great but orderly rush. "White women and children first; yes, bring your Christian brown women and children along. Bring your Christians from church and school. They shall not be slaughtered," beat out the message of the tiny flags across Peking. I stood high upon the old Asian wall and watched and saw men work like demons. White men, grey haired, well-set diplomats from all the proudest nations of the earth, smooth-faced young missionaries, set-eyed priests, business men, loyal Chinese, cheek by cheek, they worked their way through the



**Beautiful Boone University Library (Episcopalian) Miss Wood, Librarian.**



**Mid the crags of University hills is Miss Wood's little home.**





gates, guarding, guarding always their women, their precious children.

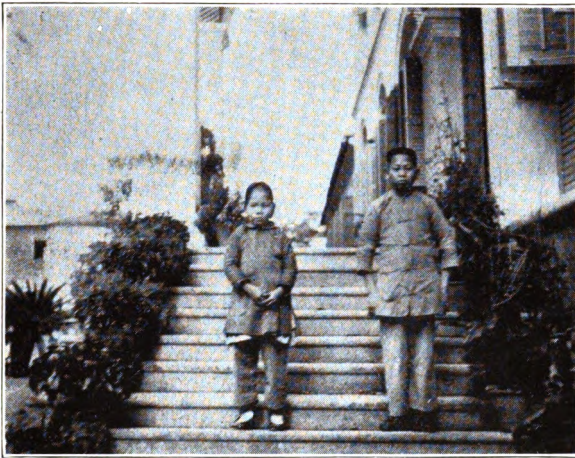
Long hours passed. But the attack, the attack on the legations! Why had not it begun? Something was delaying the attack, something had happened. The anxious hours had slipped into the darkness of Asian night. A murmur, "Who will volunteer to try to save the outlying missionaries, the hordes of helpless Christian women and girls in the great mission schools and compounds? Who will try to rescue the sick women in the hospitals, the convents; who?"

"I will! I will!" Ten score of men and women, Christian, white and loyal brown, picked men and women from all the creeds and kinds of the earth, sprang to the gate—light, loyal, ready, and in a few minutes were combining the darkness of the Chinese ruling city for those who had been left behind, and that night the heavens above Peking witnessed such heroic deeds as can never be told about, and sacrifices that can never be recorded or written down, excepting by the great White Host above, to whom the night stars whispered back the story.

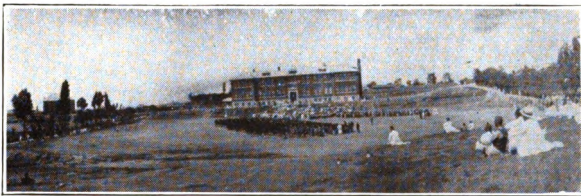
In my day dream I looked across the city to

the old palace of the Dowager Manchu Empress. Forbidden, forbidden! Looked past the yellow tiles of Power, on past the priceless treasures of a conqueror's reign, up to an Empress' hidden chamber. In a hall of court a puppet boy ruler pleaded for delay, for the white lives within his borders. His Empress sat high upon her peacock throne of jewels and glory. A thousand of China's proudest dignitaries, dressed in the "hoofed" Manchu robes of state, their beaded "bridles" round their throats, their queued hair streaming back, and bowed their foreheads to the floor and vowed eternal allegiance to their Queen. They were her "horses." Would she ride them to victory? Yes, yes. A brush and paint, quick. A stroke here, another there—"Kill all foreigners." A sigh, a mighty murmur, the thing was done. The Empress had written. The telegraph! Rush, rush. A hundred men sprang up to do an Empress' bidding. With a cry they reached the telegraph office.

The death decree was thrust under the yellow, trembling hand of the operator. "Hurry," hissed a voice. "Hurry, your Empress waits." The wires had told their story. In her yellow palace the old Empress waited. A thousand



Wards of Mrs. Kuppinger and Dr. Zimmermann  
being educated at Foochow.



A Centenary Fund Methodist School in Korea.



men stood with bated breath to relay her message to every shore line, to every mountain peak in China. She was their queen, the ruler of the earth. Her words were final, and she had spoken. The minutes slipped by, the hours, and yet no knife flashed, no trident hissed as it sought white flesh, the throat of shivering white or loyal yellow Christian heart of China.

"My message—why the delay?" A clock ticked off the minutes. "Something has happened, the hour is long past and no attack. Bring me my message, hurry. A thousand heads shall fall for this."

Again a hundred men leaped out to do the royal bidding, but no more quickly than a handful of white men and yellow worked like fiends to fortify the old British Legation walls. A mile sped by. Again the Empress' men were at the telegraph office.

"The message, the Empress' message. She asks for it. Quick, man, your Empress waits. Have you sent it?"

"Yes, I have sent it; three hours ago," and the clear-eyed man at the instrument turned ashen.

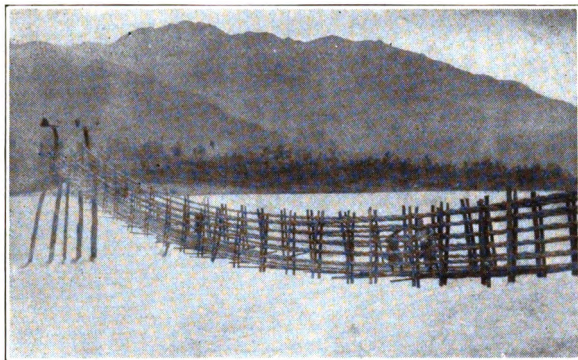
"Hurry; the copy of it. Hand over the copy."

“Here it is, sir.”

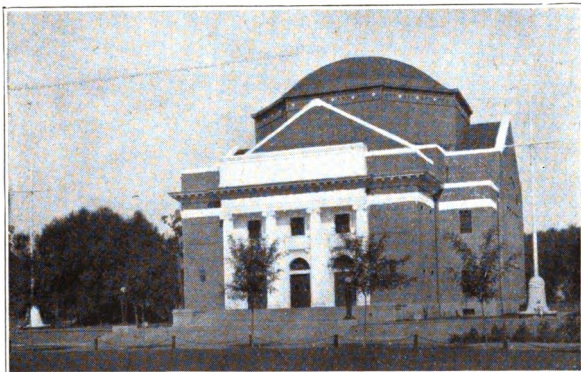
The operator's slim brown hand steadied, his cheek cleared as he held out the copy. Like mad his superior snatched the slip of yellow paper and read the words that will live forever in the annals of China and the world: “Save all foreigners.”

“I changed the wording of the message, sir. I am a Christian,” and as the man of the telegraph fell across his wire, run through by his superior's sword, his heart blood baptized the heart of China into a vast coming National Christian Republic and made the whole world her guardian into liberty and civic righteousness.

Another long delay made precious hours for the besieged, but with the morning light that fell in golden bars across the walls and temple roofs of old Peking, the attack on the British Legation, with its precious heritage of every nation and color in all the whole wide world, began and in that hot, humid Oriental June I saw seventeen hundred allied Marines and a handful of heaven-steadied missionaries, Presbyterian, Methodist, Congregational, Episcopalian, Catholic—the consular man of all the world, the white business man of Peking, lock



A wonderful rope bridge at the borders of Tibet.



Observatory of great Indemnity College, Peking.  
Built with money returned by U. S. to China  
from Boxer indemnity.





hand and heart together to fight for and save, if it might be possible, the representatives of the civilized Governments of Christendom from that howling, swirling, armed mob of fifty thousand boxer Chinese.

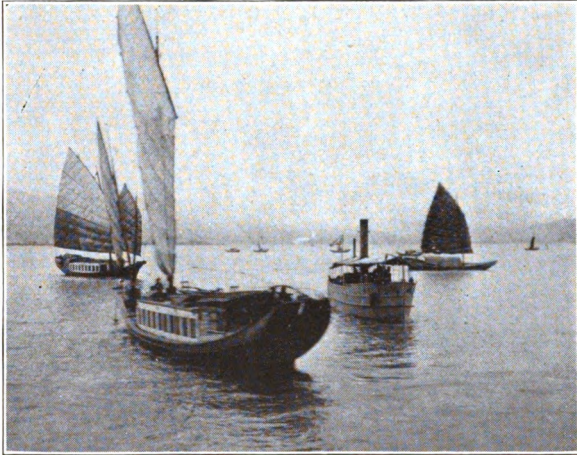
Every man and every woman in that great British Compound who could lift a shovel or sew a dirt bag, began the long day and night labor of fortifying the walls. In my day dream I saw men who had never before handled a rifle, seize one and rush out into defense position on the old wall—and so the siege of Peking began, that triumphant marvel of all the military and civil world, was on. The tremendous story has been told many times and so well told there is no need of my repeating any of it here, but it is a great story and one Americans should learn by heart, for in that six weeks' siege of Peking, from June 22 to August 12, in 1900, in that hot Asiatic summer, American men and women played such a part in its history, day by day as has immortalized the whole story and made it to live forever. For it was behind these old fifteen foot high British Compound walls that our women, for six long weeks watched and prayed and starved on horse meat, and buried

their dead that the Asian world might go free, and that China might finally become a great International Republic, open to the Governments of the earth.

It was in this old British Compound that our American women, together with all the free women of the earth's great governments, under hot fire, staggered back and forth from shelter to wall, and from wall to shelter, carrying huge sand bags that the walls might be strengthened, held, against terrific odds. And it was within these walls that white women's hands grew burned and bloody, as they lifted their dead and dying into protected position, as their men fought on and on for home and wives and children and flag. It was here, too, in this sacred place of world suffering, this place of starving and filth and death, that as the weakened wall gave way one morning men's faces blanched as they seized firmer hold on gun and sword to destroy their women and children, to save them from the Great Curse, that a commander cried: "The wall is breached; I can hold it no longer. Look to your women and children—see that they do not fall into the hands of the Boxers;" and on a second impulse, cried in desperation: "Is there a man



A corner of the mighty Rockefeller University,  
Peking.



Our houseboat on the Ming.



here who will try to fortify the breach?" that Frank Gamewell, a slim, young American Missionary, tore off his clergy coat, and in the face of a thousand belching Boxer guns, called out to dying men and women and to his God: "I was an engineer before I became a Missionary. I will close the breach and hold it until relief comes from Tintsin."

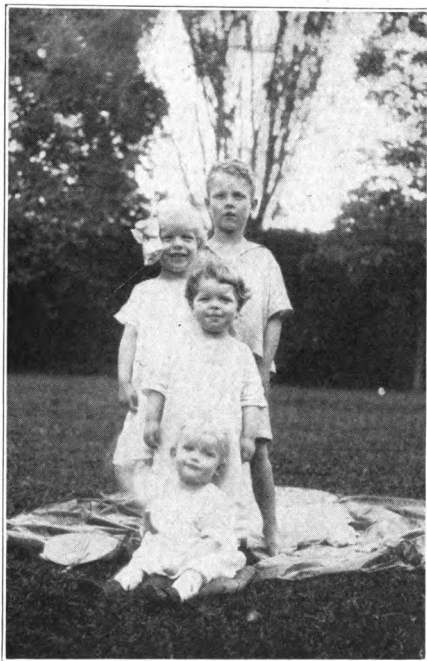
And he did fortify the wall—and he did hold it, until help came, and in the doing of this he wrote his name high up across the annals of China and forever across the history of State and Church and Christendom.

The story of the rescue of the legations by the allied troops from Tintsin and their mighty courage has long ago been told, and I will not tell it here (see Smith's "Siege Days"), but in my dream I seemed to live it all again.

I had walked far into the British Compound. Yes, there was the old church, immortalized to America and the world, as their place of siege, of victory. Its Cross still pointed toward the sky, the soft blue heavens. Again I caught the glory of it. I saw men and women starve and bleed and die that China might live. I saw men, broken, crawl into the little church

to kiss the cross before they died. I saw the fairest of England, America, France, Japan, the world, hold them up as their spirits fled away. I saw white-faced women, bent low in prayer, and I heard the whimper of famished, dying babies. . . . I heard one clear, strong bugle call—and the legations of the world and China were saved.

My dream still hovered round me as I walked the wall. I saw where men had died for home and family and on it were gathered together a great host of women, women who had escaped the Curse, and their voices were swelling in mighty song. "O, come, let us sing unto the Lord, let us rejoice in the strength of our Salvation." Their spirit music sounded out to the wide, wide world and China, for on that August day in 1900 a world's greatest pagan host was fleeing to the blue Western hills, and China—a world China—was being born. My dream was gone—how peaceful it all seemed that morning as I walked the wall—how fair the flags—how clean and bright Old Glory's stars and stripes! I stood a moment, bareheaded, at silent salute. How proud I was to be hers, a national of the greatest Christian Republic this world has ever builded,



**The beautiful Pluman children, Canadian Methodists, Chengtu.**





to stand thus under the only flag in all the world that never knew defeat in war!

I walked on, walked out through the Hata-men, out through the City Wall. I was leaving behind me all law, all justice, all liberty and I was leaving behind me all safety. My back was toward the Embassies of Earth—toward colleges, schools, hospitals, toward great mission compounds, toward mighty churches, social and governing centers, great throngs of civilized Christian Chinese, officials, business men and women, literally thousands of thoroughly equipped missionaries, professors, teachers, students. Off to my left lay the vast Indemnity College (built with the Boxer reparations money) returned to the youth of China by the United States Government. I was walking from the vast Rockefeller Institute, covering twelve acres of ground with its grey stone, green-roofed buildings, walking away from all the great, good things of Peking, and back into the old Chinese government, facing its native city of decay, dust and blood, facing real lost Manchu China.

Twenty-four years had changed things not a whit in this old Boxer town. Its vast conglomeration of a million yammering, scream-

ing, milling people, its hordes of black and yellow men, sweating, filthy, still were there. There was still the dirt-caked, spitting victim of tuberculosis, dying in the roadway, the festering syphilitic, the leper, the mad man. It was the old China of Buddha, of Confucius, but its matted eyes were turned toward the Cross. In this old China there were literally thousands of these coughing, creeping creatures, these human beings, more beast than men. I walked on, slithering this way and that. Now I dodged under the padding feet of a caravan of swinging camels from out the desert countries of far inside Mongolia and Turkestan. Now I jumped clear of a tiny donkey from back of Kalgan way, that carried on its back a fat-eyed Llama priest, soft with the dirt of centuries, and filth of a diseased mind and body.

To my left I heard the familiar lash of Asia, as it stung again and again the raw and bloody back of burden's human beast. To my right a crippled, broken woman wallowed in the dirt beneath the kicks and blows of a slinking, slobbering man; another vicious kick — ye gods! her back broke then; didn't you hear it snap? He



Our houseboat under the shadows of Tibetan Glaziers. Center—Christine M. Kuppinger.



drags the woman by her hair, the crowd laughs as she bumps by—I am in Asia—Asia, the cruel, the bloody. I tried to turn away from it all, the thousands, yes, millions, of unwholesome, worm-eaten little children; the sore, scabbed, filthy beggar, writhing at my feet; the splotched foam-spitting leper, worming about, nosed here and there by scavenger hogs of the street, rooting in search of rotten food, dead human, or otherwise.

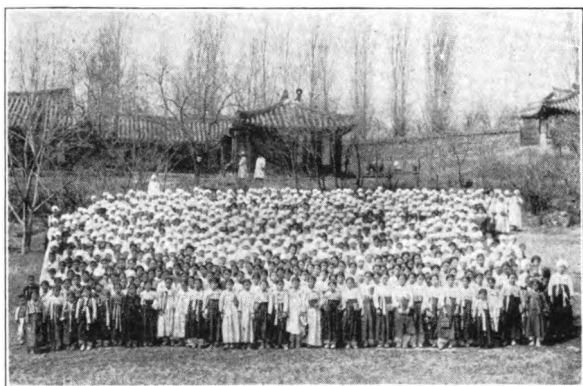
A crawling, dying dog dragged his entrails in the deep dust of the street and men laughed. I was in Asia, Buddhist Asia. Again I looked, shuddered. I saw a gibbering girl, all bloody. Her eyes were wild and set with the drugs of China. There were bumps on her ears—her lips—and her form was as a skeleton's. Two foot-bound, stinking women were dragging her into a blind alley dungeon. There was sharp, broken glass cemented along the way—the wall. There were tridents above the foul, dark alley entrance. The women threw her in and she was lost, for she was a leper, and she was of your race and mine, and was white—and she was from Chicago.

Again I looked with eyes and heart all clear, looked past the dirt, the blood, the dying.

Again I saw the Christian at his telegraph key  
—I heard the ringing cry of the world—I saw  
China: her heart, her lips, had touched the  
Cross, and she was healed—glorified.



Coming out of Tibet.



**A thousand Bible women students, Presbyterian Mission, Ping Yang, Korea.**



**Masterful pure Korean art. Public hall, Seoul.**







**Mrs. Louise B. Truman, wife of Mr. Truman,  
Superintendent Y. M. C. A., Nagasaki. Columbia  
University graduate.**



# Chicago Woman's Shelter

Tel. Monroe 4833

1516-18 West Adams Street

*OPEN DAY AND NIGHT*



*Saving a Woman's Soul and Citizenship,  
and Saving Her Baby*

*Over Two Thousand different Women and  
Children were definitely aided by the  
Shelter last year*

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## *The* **Chicago Woman's Shelter**

is for the immediate care of the stranded friendless girl or woman who, through adverse circumstances, finds herself without Food, Lodging or Friends on the streets of our City.

The Shelter is one of the great Club Charities of America. It is a practical Woman's Club, affiliated with the League of Cook County Clubs and federated with the Illinois State Federation of Women's Clubs. It is not a "Rescue Home," not a Boarding House, but a place where any temporarily Homeless Women may obtain food, coffee, a clean bed or clothing, as she needs, for one or more nights, and where she is given definite aid to immediate employment and assured food and shelter until she receives her first week's wages.

*The Shelter doors never close.* No deserted, half-sick woman, tempted, pursued girl or hungry, frozen-footed child is ever turned away unheard or unaided. A week's care at a critical moment of cold and hunger or illness may save a girl from a life of shame. Will you help?



Christmas group of little Shelter children under seven years old, dressed in clothing you sent the Shelter. They are having a wonderful Christmas.



Playground Children.

### **"UNDERFED SIX YEAR OLDS"**

They walk two miles in thin clothes and worn-out shoes every night for the Supper the Shelter gives them.

*"Inasmuch as Ye have done it unto the least of one of these Ye have done it unto Me."*



### ***The Shelter Has Forty Comfortable Rooms and Its Dining-Rooms Seat 125***

The Shelter furnishes Food and Shelter to an average of 41 stranded, needy Women and Babies daily, and in addition to this gives a well-cooked wholesome meal, needed clothing, medical and social service to 100 underfed Public School Children every weekday evening for nine months each year.

Visiting Days, Tuesdays and Thursdays,  
two to four o'clock



A summer scene in front of Annex. Left upper  
—Miss Ackermann, office secretary of Shelter.



Every child on this page is a Public School or Kindergarten child. Each one is dressed in clothing you have sent the Shelter.



*Nothing is sold from the Shelter. Send us your Worn Clothing and Shoes by Parcel Post or Express. We will distribute them Free to Worthy Women and Children.*

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Edna and Billie  
at the Baby-  
fold.

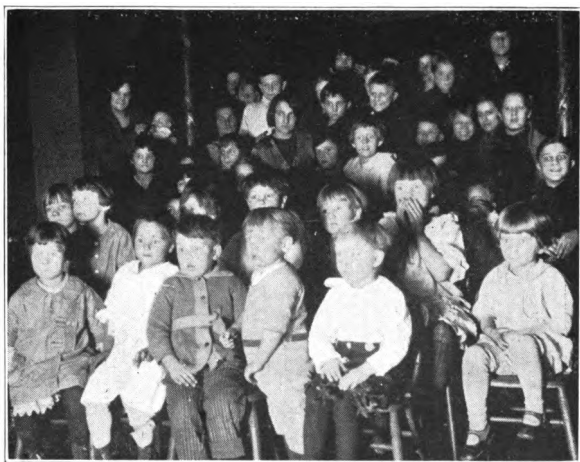


Deserted, crippled mother and baby aided by  
Shelter and returned to family.



### Winter School Group.

This group of underfed, half-clothed Public School Children are daily aided by the Shelter. Many of them walk several miles every evening for their one good square daily meal and the clean warm clothing and shoes because of your help we freely give them.



### Anxious for Supper

Nothing is sold from the Shelter. Our children  
need your worn shoes and clothing.

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Beautiful mother and children leaving Shelter  
after two weeks' stay. Fed, clothed and given  
a second chance.



Out in the big swing.



The old and the young meet at the Shelter.



**The Santo Moneno Family.**

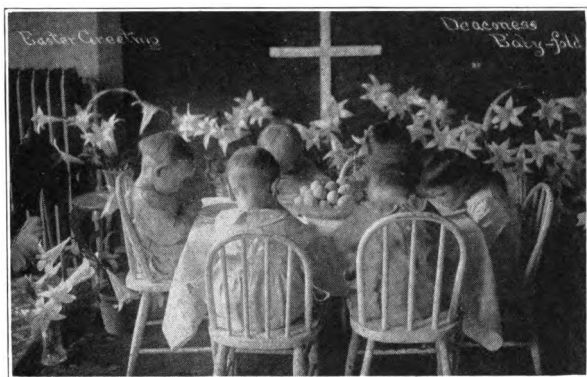
## THE SANTO MONENO CASE

Santo, an excellent but poor young married man, came to Chicago from Italy, began to work in railway yards. Accidentally stepped in front a yard engine. Both feet were crushed necessitating amputation. He could collect no damages but the railroad paid his hospital expenses. For months he did odd jobs around the old red-light district chopping kindling, etc. Sleeping in boxes and half-starved he was found and aided by Mrs. Kuppinger and Miss Manley of the old Midnight Mission, Ernest A. Bell, D.D., Superintendent.

His wife prostrated with anxiety, sold her tiny house and with her babies came steerage to Chicago. The Chicago Woman's Shelter took the family into its Annex rooms, secured Santo a position, and his wife went to work. Aided by the Shelter they saved every cent they earned. Judge Bernard P. Barasa taking Santo's case in hand effected a compromise with the railroad and secured for him \$900.00 damages. With what he and his wife had saved Santo on the direct advice of Judge Barasa and the Shelter purchased a large old house on Lowe Avenue, where he has raised and thoroughly schooled his family and where free from debt he still lives.



Two splendid German boys. Their mother lately deported by U. S. Government. So they too were compelled to go back to the "old land." Sent to public school four months by Shelter.



**"Give us this day our daily bread." Methodist Baby-fold at Normal, Ill. Many of our babies are cared for here.**







First war-baby ever born in Chicago. His father died for Russia. Mother now has excellent position.

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The Shelter coöperates with practically every Charity, Social Center, Church, Hospital, and Police Station in the City, and asks Clubs, Societies, Unions, and Churches to aid in this Far Reaching *Preventive and Rehabilitating* Work for Stranded Women.



Samoliland East African group of Mohammedan women and children. Their men were held in County jail. Stranded here from show in early wartimes. Fed at Shelter on sugar, milk and potatoes. After six weeks' care were able to start for home. Could speak no English—probably lost at sea.



Spent 9 years in State prison for murder. When released was definitely aided by Shelter. She became an earnest Christian and for the past eight years has made good.



Every woman and child in this picture is penniless and deserted. Cared for from one to four weeks, they are making good.

**T**HE Shelter needs Children's (five to fourteen years) Shoes and Clothing desperately. Nothing is sold from our Institution. If you will send us your worn clothing, shoes, bedclothes, etc., by Parcel Post, we will distribute them Free to worthy Women and Children.

In the year ending March 1, 1925, the Chicago Woman's Shelter furnished Free to unfortunate, half-clothed, half-sick Women, Babies and under-nourished Public School Children:

60,107 well-cooked, wholesome meals.

14,626 nights lodging.

15,014 clean whole articles of clothing.

55 Children cared for daily all summer in our large playground and given one wholesome meal every day.

87 (average) Children fed and given clothing every weekday evening from October to May.

41 Women and little Children cared for daily by the Shelter and given Food, Shelter, Baths and all needed clothing.

APR 17 1950

**DATE DUE**

**MY 11 '56**

**NO 5 '59**

**DL433 38M**

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